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A SKETCH  
*of*  
BARBARA FRITCHIE



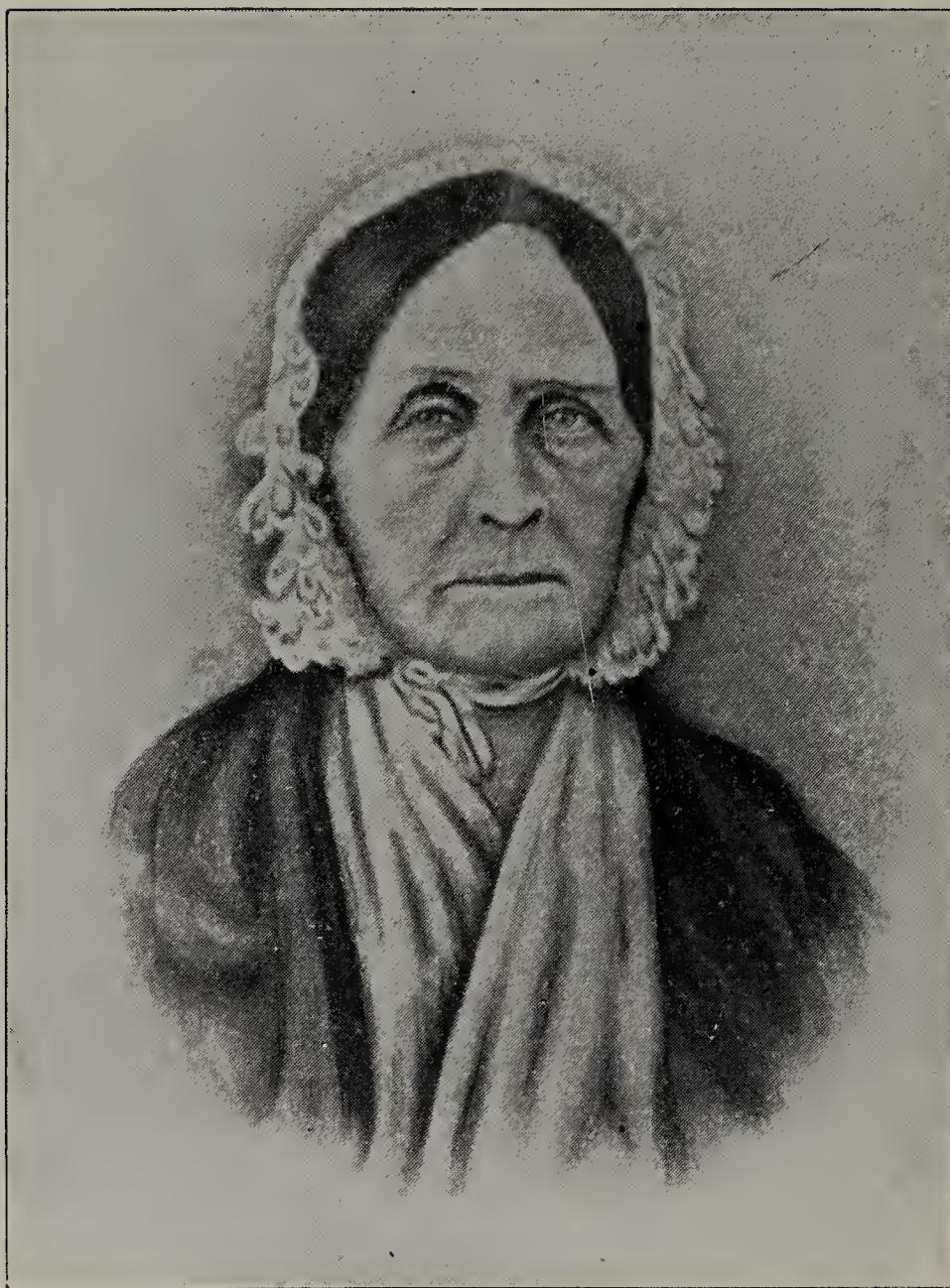
By MISS ELEANOR D. ABBOTT  
Great Grandniece of Whittier's Heroine











*Barbara Fritch*

SIGNATURE OF WHITTIER'S HEROINE

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF 92 YEARS

A Sketch  
of  
Barbara Fritchie  
Whittier's Heroine



ELEANOR D. ABBOTT  
Great Grandniece of Barbara Fritchie

*Eleanor D. Abbott.*



(Copyright 1937 by Eleanor D. Abbott)  
Third Edition—Revised



# BARBARA FRITCHIE

By JOHN G. WHITTIER



1956013

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain wall;—

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,  
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;



She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came:

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman’s deed and word;

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long the free flag tost.  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Fritchie’s work is o’er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

Over Barbara Fritchie’s grave  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

## Sketch of Barbara Fritchie— Whittier's Heroine

ONE of the most widely known and best loved historic characters is Barbara Fritchie, whose loyalty to the Union inspired John Greenleaf Whittier to immortalize her in his world-renowned poem, "Barbara Fritchie." Whittier's "Barbara Fritchie" has also made famous "the clustered spires of Frederick" and "the green walled hills of Maryland"; for not only in all sections of the United States, but in almost every country on the globe, Barbara Fritchie and Frederick, Maryland, are closely associated.

Some years ago a Frederick lady while traveling abroad was asked by a group of travelers whom she met, "Where is your home?" Thinking no one in that part of the world had ever heard of Frederick, she replied, "Baltimore, Maryland." To her astonishment they inquired, "Is that town near Frederick, Maryland, the home of Barbara Fritchie?"

An American gentleman, also traveling in foreign lands, met a little girl named Barbara. He said to her, "Your name reminds me of a noted American woman." She replied, "Do you mean Barbara Fritchie?" and to his surprise and pleasure recited the entire poem.

The late Dr. Bernard C. Steiner, in an address delivered in Frederick on May 30, 1918, said, "When I was in the desolate, fascinating, hospitable island of Newfoundland nine years ago, I found that the people knew of Frederick, Maryland, having learned of it because the poem, 'Barbara Fritchie,' was known and loved by all the school children."

Occasional efforts have been made by prejudiced persons and those ignorant of the true facts to convince the public that Barbara Fritchie was a myth, and that Whittier's poem is pure fiction. This, of course, is not true. She was a very real person. Her parents, John Niclaus Hauer and Catherine Zeiler Hauer, were born in Nassau, Saarbrücken, in Dillendorff. They left Germany on May 11, 1754, and arrived in Pennsylvania on October 1st of the same year, settling near Lancaster. A daughter, Catherine, was born in 1760, and a second daughter, Maria Elizabeth, about two years later. On December 3, 1766, a third daughter, Barbara, was born. She was baptized



on December 14th by Rev. William Hendel, pastor of the Reformed church in Lancaster. The baptismal certificate has been preserved by the church and may be seen there. Mr. Hauer moved his family to Frederick, Maryland, shortly after Barbara's birth. Four sons and two daughters were born in Frederick.

Frederick Town was incorporated in September, 1745, and the early settlers were honest, thrifty German immigrants who possessed unflinching courage, ardent love of their homes and families, and intense loyalty to the community and state.

The Fritchie family moved to Frederick Town when the spirit of Americanism and patriotism was very strong among the residents. England proposed to relieve herself of the portion of the heavy debt resting upon her after the French and Indian War by taxing the colonies. Maryland claimed exemption under the charter of the colony.

The passage of the Stamp Act, March 22, 1765, aroused such intense resentment in the town that the stamp distributor was burned in effigy, and when the Frederick County Court convened in November, the twelve justices of the Court repudiated the Stamp Act on November 18th. This defiant act caused great rejoicing. It was celebrated by an elaborate funeral, the corpse being the Stamp Act. In such an atmosphere Barbara Hauer's childhood was spent. In the tenth year of her life the Declaration of Independence from British rule was adopted. Naturally, she imbibed a spirit of patriotism which developed stability of character and intense love for, and loyalty to her country. She was given the best education available at that time, and later was sent to a young ladies' finishing school in Baltimore. In appearance and manner she was unusually attractive.

WHEN Barbara was almost twenty-five years old an event of importance occurred in the town. A group of young ladies had assembled one afternoon in June, 1791, at Kimball's Tavern on West Patrick Street, the occasion being a quilting party. A messenger brought the news that President Washington would arrive at the tavern in a short while. What a thrill of excitement it caused among the young ladies! The quilt was quickly folded and preparations were made for the entertainment of the distinguished guest. The best linen and china were brought forth, but there was nothing quite suitable

from which to serve the coffee, so Miss Barbara Hauer hastened to her home nearby and got her beautiful Staffordshire coffee pot which her parents brought from Germany in 1754. As she poured the coffee for the honored guest he was attracted by her personal appearance and charm of manner. After supper he directed his valet to bring his traveling bag, from which he drew a Lowestoft china bowl and presented it to Miss Barbara. This bowl she prized among her choicest treasures. Some years later she gave it to her nephew, Nicholas D. Hauer, and at the present time it is the prized possession of one of his descendants. The coffee pot she gave to her niece, Catherine Stover. It is now in the collection of Barbara Fritchie relics owned by the author of this Sketch.

On February 22, 1800, some months after the death of Washington, a memorial service was held in Frederick in the German Reformed Church on West Patrick Street. Preceding the service there was a long and imposing procession. The order was as follows: An advance guard of four dragoons commanded by Daniel Hauer (brother of Barbara); a horse with an empty saddle draped in black; Federal troops; Federal officers; bands of music; military officers; physicians; clergy; the bier and pallbearers and private citizens. The pallbearers were sixteen young ladies dressed in mourning, representing the sixteen states then in the Union. Barbara Hauer represented Maryland.

Being attractive and popular, Barbara had many suitors, but was slow deciding to marry. Finally, when nearly forty years of age, she married John Casper Fritchie. In 1780, when Barbara was fourteen years old, she attended a quilting party with her mother. As usual on such occasions, the news of the town was the topic of conversation. Among the items of interest was the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Casper Fritchie. Little did she think that twenty-six years later she would become his wife. The marriage ceremony was conducted by Rev. Daniel Wagner on May 18, 1806. Although the senior of her husband by so many years, they were very congenial. Their home was an exceptionally happy one. Mr. Fritchie was a man of upright character and was held in high esteem. He conducted a glove manufactory in a building in the rear of the dwelling, and although they were not wealthy, his business made then a comfortable living.



Mrs. Fritchie was a woman of decided opinions. Keeping herself well informed by reading, she could converse intelligently on almost any subject. She studied the subject thoroughly before forming her opinion, but when formed, her decision was final. She was slight of stature and of cheerful disposition, having a keen sense of humor. By her kindly and genial manner she made their home very attractive. "She looked well to the ways of her household." Their servants were treated with great kindness. "Fritchie's Harry" and "Aunt Nellie" were devoted to "Ole Massa" and "Ole Missus."

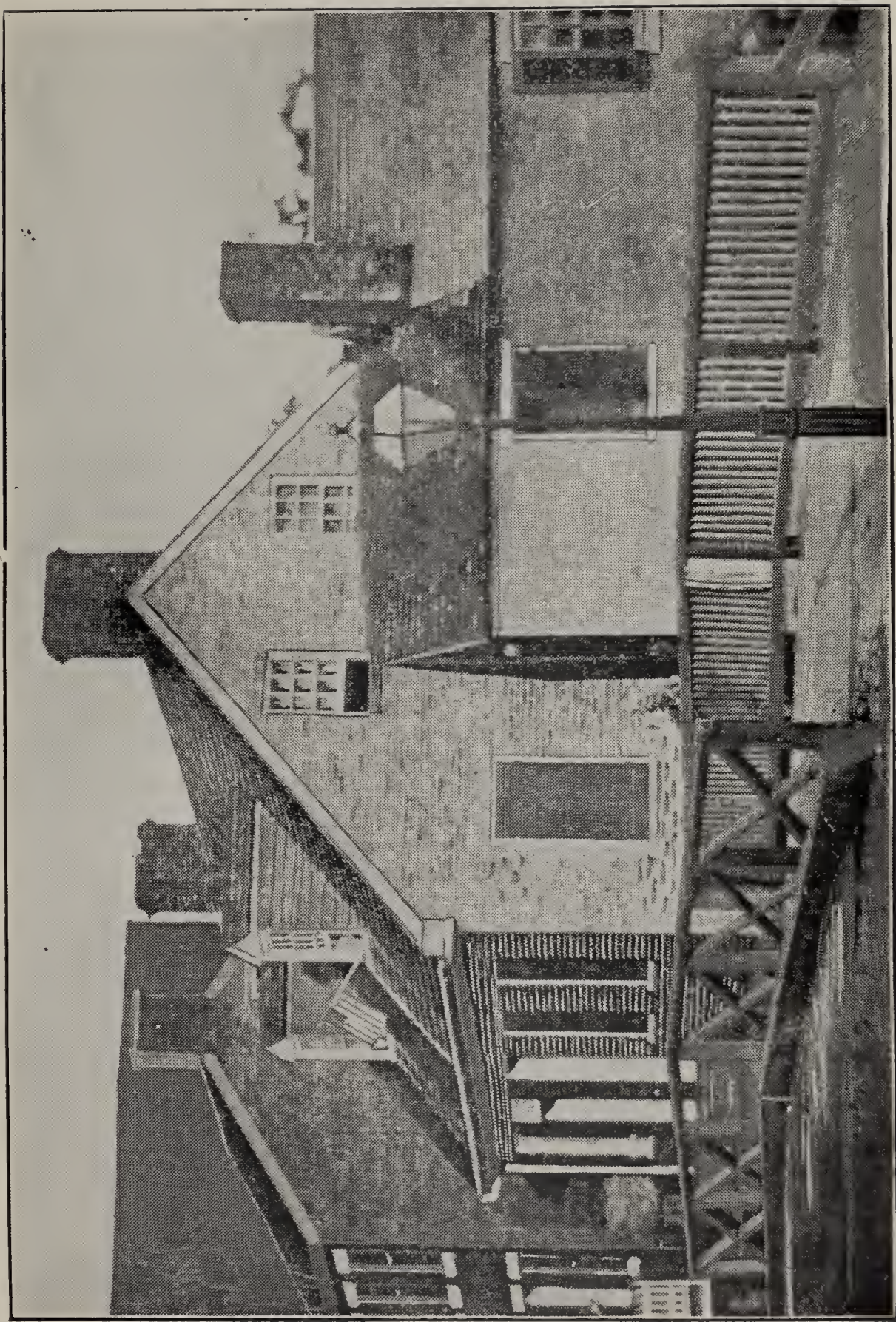
Evidence of their appreciation of the services of their servants is shown in the following item from Mr. Fritchie's will: "I hereby manumit and set free my faithful servant man Henry Jones, to take effect thirty days after the death of my wife, and as a further reward for his fidelity and good behavior I give and bequeath to him the house and lot of ground now occupied by him, situated on South Bentz addition to Frederick, together with one hundred and fifty dollars in money."

Mr. and Mrs. Fritchie had no children, but adopted Mrs. Fritchie's niece, Catherine Stover, who remained with them until 1825, when she married Henry Hanshew, junior partner in the firm of Fritchie and Hanshew, glove manufacturers, and moved to her own home near the Fritchie's on West Patrick Street. Mrs. Hanshew's cousin, Miss Harriet Yoner, then became Mrs. Fritchie's companion.

On November 10, 1849, after a brief illness, Mr. Fritchie "fell asleep," and was laid to rest in the Reformed Church graveyard. In his will he provided for his "beloved wife Barbara." He first commits his soul to God and his body to the earth, "to be buried in a plain and unostentatious manner" and after his funeral expenses and the few debts he may owe at the time of his decease are paid, he continues, "I dispose of the residue of my estate as follows, to-wit: Whereas all my earthly possessions were obtained, under God's blessing and providence, by the joint efforts and mutual industry of my beloved wife Barbara and myself, therefore, if it be God's will that she survive me, I bequeath to her absolutely—", he then designates all his personal property and a certain amount of his estate; and a life interest in the residue of the estate.

Their home he bequeathed to Mrs. Fritchie's niece, Mrs. Catherine Stover Hanshew, to come into her possession after her aunt's





**ORIGINAL FRITCHIE HOME IN 1862**

Completely Razed After A Flood In 1868, And Ground Removed To Widen Creek.



death, which occurred thirteen years later. The house was located on West Patrick Street on the southeast bank of Carroll Creek, and was of brick painted in red and penciled in white. It was of the cottage type, having a sloping roof in which were set two dormer windows. On the first floor there were five rooms and Mr. Fritchie's store room. The second floor had two front bedrooms and one large back room. There was a basement containing five rooms.

Mrs. Fritchie remained in her home until her death. She enjoyed cultivating flowers and spent a great deal of time in her garden. As she advanced in years she retained her faculties to an unusual degree. She loved the companionship of young people and participated with much interest in their conversation. Her great-nieces and great-nephews, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Hanshew, were her frequent visitors. They and their young companions were seldom disappointed in their anticipation of "a treat." On special occasions she made them small cakes cut in various forms.

Mrs. Fritchie was at all times deeply interested in national affairs, and although in her ninety-fifth year when the impending shadow of the great conflict became the grim reality of civil war in 1861, her mind was clear, and she was wholeheartedly in sympathy with the preservation of the Union. With great emphasis and deep conviction she would say, "*The Union of the States will be maintained. God takes care of His people and He will preserve the Union.*" She never allowed anyone to speak disparagingly of her country. Her large bunting flag—the symbol of a united nation—was placed each morning in one of her bedroom dormer windows, where it floated gracefully until sundown.

**B**ECAUSE of its geographical location, Frederick was destined to figure conspicuously in the movements of the commanding generals of both the Union and Confederate armies. Sentiment was divided, there being strong sentiment both for and against the Union. It was a trying time, but the real bitterness of the war came toward the close of the summer of 1862. A series of battles had been fought in Virginia, including the second battle of Bull Run. The purpose of the Confederate commanders was to concentrate their forces, making the invasion into Maryland and then into Pennsylvania. The Federal

Government, determined to prevent this, gradually brought about movements to focus the contending armies on some decisive plan of battle.

Active operations by the Federal Government brought many movements near to Frederick. The movements preliminary to the battle of South Mountain began with the invasion of Maryland by the Confederate forces when the advance of Lee's army crossed the Potomac at the mouth of the Monocacy, at White's and Nolan's ferries, on September 5th. A large number camped along the Monocacy three miles south of Frederick, and the remainder marched through the city and camped at Worman's Mill, about two and a half miles north of the town, on September 6th. The next day (Sunday) General "Stonewall" Jackson, who was a devout Christian, attended service in the Evangelical Reformed Church. The pastor, Rev. Daniel Zacharias, unaware of the presence of the distinguished visitor, announced the hymn, "The Stoutest Rebel Must Resign," but the "rebel" heard it not, for weariness had caused him to sleep peacefully through part of the sermon and the hymn.

During the Confederate occupancy of the town the only Union flag displayed was Mrs. Fritchie's large bunting flag in her dormer window, and it attracted considerable attention.

Early on the morning of September 10th, the army, obeying orders, broke camp and began to move toward South Mountain, one portion coming into Frederick from the north and the other from the south. They marched down Market Street to Patrick, and out West Patrick Street past the home of Mrs. Barbara Fritchie.

It has been asserted by some that the Confederate army did not pass her home, and therefore the flag waving incident was impossible. This statement is false, because many persons were eye-witnesses and testified that the Confederate army, except Jackson and his staff and A. P. Hill's division, *did* pass the Fritchie house.

General Jackson was an intimate friend of Rev. and Mrs. Ross, the Presbyterian minister and his wife. Since he desired to leave a message of farewell, and it was too early to call in person, he made a short detour to leave a note under the door of the Manse on West Second Street; then riding down Bentz Street (at that time called



Mill Alley) he rejoined his army at the intersection of West Patrick Street, sixty-three yards west of Barbara Fritchie's home.

Mr. James L. Parsons, a prominent contractor of Washington, D. C., in a letter written to the Baltimore Sun, dated November 12, 1913, and also in a letter written to the late Mrs. Samuel Grafton Duvall, of Frederick, tells that he was a member of "Stonewall" Jackson's Third Brigade—also known as Tolliver's Brigade—which was with that portion of the army encamped at Worman's Mill. They broke camp early on the morning of September 10th and marched into Frederick with Tolliver's Brigade in the lead. Upon reaching Frederick a lighter division (A. P. Hill's) was ordered to precede the main army. In order to do this they detoured by way of the Mill Alley, parallel with Market Street, to West Patrick Street; while Tolliver's Brigade marched with the main army down North Market Street and out West Patrick Street, halting, before passing the Mill Alley, a sufficient time to allow A. P. Hill's division to come through. Mr. Parsons said Barbara Fritchie came out on her front porch waving a small flag, and that all through the lines the troops were talking about the episode.

Further confirmation of the flag waving incident is found on page seven of the April 7, 1910, issue of the Atlanta Constitution, a Southern publication, on file in the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C. It comes from the Confederate Captain Frank Myers, who was at that time a sergeant in the 6th Virginia. He tells that Barbara Fritchie came out on her porch and waved her little flag at them as they were passing her house, and one of the soldiers called to him, "Sergeant, let me shoot it down." Captain Myers said, "I told him 'No'; as we had been given positive orders not to disturb a thing in the town; so not one of them bothered her."

From another source the author of this Sketch learned that on the evening of September 10, 1862, Miss Anne Neihoff (afterward Mrs. G. E. Greenwood), residing on North Market Street, was sitting on her front porch when Miss Phoebe Metz was returning from a day's work on West Patrick Street. She told Miss Neihoff that on her way to work that morning she had seen old Mrs. Fritchie on her porch with her flag, in the midst of a group of Confederate soldiers who were trying to take it from her, and it was causing considerable excitement.



Another eye-witness was Colonel Edward Schley, who was taking his early morning walk. He told his sister, the late Mrs. Laura Schley Chapline, that he had seen Mrs. Fritchie on her front porch waving her little silk flag, surrounded by a group of Confederates, and he thought she did not realize her danger. Mrs. Chapline's granddaughter related this incident to the author of this Sketch.

After the publication of the first edition of the Sketch of Barbara Fritchie in 1921, I received a letter from Mr. Joseph Lowe, Worthington, Minnesota, whose boyhood home was in Frederick. Mr. Lowe wrote to express his appreciation of the copy of the Sketch which he had purchased. He said he was eighteen years old at the time the Confederates were in possession of the town, and was on West Patrick Street the morning they were leaving, and he saw the flag waving.

Several years ago a young man passing through Frederick stopped to see Barbara Fritchie's flag. He said if he had known he would meet a relative of Mrs. Fritchie he would have brought the notebook his uncle had carried through the war, in which there was a record of having witnessed the flag waving and of seeing "Stonewall" Jackson talking to Mrs. Fritchie.

The flag waving incident is also confirmed in a letter written to me by Brevet-Major John T. Chambers, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, whose wife was a Miss Jackson, closely related to "Stonewall." The letter is dated July 5, 1930. Mr. Chambers said he was in his eighty-ninth year. He enlisted in the Union army in 1861, and served until September, 1863. He was promoted three times, the last being Brevet-Major during the battle of Chancellorsville, in which battle he was wounded on the same day his brother-in-law received his mortal wound. In a very interesting description of the movements of both armies after the second battle of Bull Run, and of the severe two hours' contest at Chantilly, he tells how the Union forces pursued the Confederates until they came to the Monocacy River near Frederick, Maryland, where Jackson had blown up the bridge and they "had to wade across the stream, which, fortunately, was not deep, but was very wet." After a short rest they took up the pursuit, and the division to which Major Chambers belonged went into Frederick and passed out West Patrick Street. They saw an

old lady frantically waving a small Union flag from the top step of a house next to a running stream. They had orders to give her the flag salute. They wondered who she was as their officers hurried them on toward South Mountain. Later they learned *she was the same woman who had waved her flag as Jackson came through*. Major Chambers said when he read Whittier's immortal poem, "Barbara Fritchie," he knew the heroine was the old lady he had seen. "There is no question," he wrote, "but that the incident took place. The house, the woman, and a mountain stream running by the house are very vivid in my recollection."

SEVERAL times during the occupancy of the town by the Confederates Mrs. Fritchie had subjected herself to danger, causing her relatives much anxiety. Riehl's Spring, on the west bank of Carroll Creek, was frequented by the soldiers of whichever army occupied the town, many of whom went to her home and asked for a glass in which to get a drink of the cool, clear water. To the Union men she cordially gave her best glass, but to the Confederates' requests she would reply, "There is an iron dipper at the spring; you can use that." One day a relative was taking her to the home of her niece, Mrs. Hanshew. A group of Confederate soldiers were resting on her porch, and as she came out of her doorway she shook her cane at them and said, "Begone, you dirty pack." Her companion hastily apologized, but said she walked in fear and trembling lest a bullet should be fired after them. Fortunately they were gentlemen and showed no resentment.

Frequently her relatives reprimanded her, trying to impress upon her the risk she incurred. Therefore, when she had again exposed herself to danger she was reticent. A few weeks later her husband's niece, Miss Caroline Ebert, called to see her, and Mrs. Fritchie told her what had occurred. She said she was afraid to tell Kittie (Mrs. Hanshew) and the others, because she knew they would give her a good scolding.

Mrs. Fritchie's own account of the incident follows: It was early morning, September 10, 1862. The large bunting flag had not yet been placed in the dormer window, as it was not quite seven o'clock. One of Mrs. Hanshew's children came in, calling excitedly, "Look



Barbara Fritch



## BARBARA FRITCHIE

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One of the most widely known and best loved historic characters is Barbara Fritchie, the heroine of Whittier's poem, whose loyalty to the Union was emphatically expressed on numerous occasions, but especially on the morning of September 10th, 1862, when she stood on her front porch waving her small silk flag, surrounded by Confederate troops. Great excitement prevailed for a time, but the gallant General "Stonewall" Jackson came to her rescue, and not a hair of her head was harmed.

Whittier's Poem, "Barbara Fritchie," immortalizes this incident, and thousands of persons have visited Frederick in search of the historic flag.

This flag has been preserved by members of her family, and is now part of an interesting collection of Barbara Fritchie relics owned by Miss Eleanor D. Abbott (great-grand-neice of Barbara Fritchie), and on display at her residence, 305 S. Market St., Frederick, Md., opposite Maryland

State School for the Deaf and near Mt. Olivet cemetery where Barbara Fritchie and Francis Scott Key are Interred. U. S. Routes 240 and 15 pass the house.

In addition to the **Historic Flag** you see the **Coffee Pot** from which she served President Washington in 1791 other **Pieces of Her China**; her **Butter Taster**; **Nut Cracker**; **Gardening Gloves**; **Embroidered Cap and Kerchief**; **Silk Mits**; **Quilted Silk Petticoat**; **Crepe Shawl**; **Silk Reticule**; **Smelling Salts Bottle**; **Gold Ear Bobs**; **Belt Buckles**; **Knitting Needles**; **Preserving Kettle**; **Linen Table Cloths**; **Homespun Linen Sheets**; **Old Bed and other Furniture**; the "**Tuck Comb**" removed from her grave at re-interment of her body; **Copy Of Her Will**; **Her Signature Written At The Age Of 92**; **Pictures Of Herself and of The Original House Where She Waved Her Flag**. The original house stood on the south-east bank of Carrol Creek, but was torn down after a flood in 1868 in order to widen the creek.

Miss Abbott's collection of relics includes a cane and candlesticks made of wood from the original house, and bricks from the original fireplace and front pavement.

There are pictures of John G. Whittier, his birthplace, the house in which he wrote the poem, and an original letter written by him to Mrs. J. H. Abbott, great-niece of Barbara Fritchie.

You will see, also, a picture of "Stonewall" Jackson and the house in which he died after being wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville.

IN ADDITION TO THE ABOVE MENTIONED  
RELICS YOU WILL SEE OTHER  
ARTICLES OF INTEREST

---

A register for visitors is kept and when registering you sit on Barbara Fritchie's Chair and use a pen made of wood from a tree in the garden of the house where Mr. Whittier wrote the poem, "Barbara Fritchie."

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This Is The Original And Only Authentic Collection Of Barbara Fritchie Relics, And Is Supported Entirely By Voluntary Contributions Instead Of An Admission Fee.

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*No connection with the house advertised as the home of Barbara Fritchie.*

out for your flag, the troops are coming!" (Mrs. Hanshew had heard that the Confederates were en route through the town, and had sent the child to warn her aunt not to display the flag, but she misunderstood.) Thinking the Union troops were coming, she took her small silk flag from between the leaves of her family Bible and stepped out on the front porch. Immediately one of the men came to her and told her she had better go in, or she might be harmed. Realizing her mistake, and that she was in the midst of Confederate soldiers, she nevertheless refused to go in. Then a second soldier came and tried to take the flag from her, saying he wanted to put it in his horse's head. A third soldier threatened to shoot it out of her hand if she didn't go in. An officer rode forward, turned angrily upon the man and said, "If you harm a hair of that old lady's head I'll shoot you down like a dog." Then turning to the trembling old lady, he said, "Go on, Granny, wave your flag as much as you please." A little after seven o'clock, when her companion, Miss Yoner, went to call her to breakfast she found Mrs. Fritchie in the parlor quite excited. She would make no explanation except, "They tried to take my flag, but a man would not let them; and he was a gentleman."

It was not until a number of years later that the family learned what had really occurred. Miss Ebert had married Edward Winebrener and rarely met the relatives of Mrs. Fritchie, but in 1913 when a movement was inaugurated to erect a monument as a memorial to Barbara Fritchie's memory, she learned they were not aware of the facts, and related the above account to Mrs. J. H. Abbott and Miss Eleanor D. Abbott, and made an affidavit before a notary public.

The following quotation is taken from the "Life of Whittier's Heroine, Barbara Fritchie," written by Mr. Henry M. Nixdorff in 1887: "On Wednesday morning, September 10, 1862, the Confederate army began to move out of Frederick City. General Jackson's corps was in advance. As they passed out West Patrick Street I stood at the front window of my dwelling looking at regiment after regiment, clad in gray uniforms, as they marched past for several hours. So intent was I in noticing and reflecting on this lamentable action on the part of the people against the best Government on earth, that I lost sight of what was going on at Mrs. Fritchie's although her residence was not a square distant from my own. But this I do be-



lieve, that if the opportunity was presented she did not fail to improve it; for I do not think she would have taken a backward step though confronted by their entire army."

Closely following the Confederates came McClellan's army, the advance being in command of General Burnside. A hearty welcome was given them. The loyal citizens came forth, flags were unfurled once more, and the town wore a different aspect. None were more joyous than dame Barbara. With her silk flag in hand she stood at her parlor window as they filed past in pursuit of the Confederates. Her great-niece, Julia Hanshew (later Mrs. J. H. Abbott), was by her side. She attracted so much attention that she went out on the front porch with her flag. Many of the officers and privates came from the ranks to speak to her, shaking her hand and asking her name and age. Some of them told her they had never seen so old a lady. General Jesse L. Reno went into her home to converse with her. She treated him to a glass of her home-made wine and presented him with the large bunting flag. He was killed in the battle of South Mountain two days later, September 14th, and the flag was sent with his body to his home in Boston, and was later placed in the Museum of the Loyal Legion in Boston.

Barbara Fritchie celebrated her ninety-sixth birthday, December 3rd, of the same year, 1862, at the home of her niece, Mrs. Hanshew. Although the distance she went was very short, she contracted a cold which developed into pneumonia, and on December 18th the aged patriot "crossed the bar." An account of her decease and of her interment in the Reformed Church Cemetery was given in the "Weekly Examiner," with a tribute to her consistent Christian life in her home and in the community, and to her loyalty and devotion to her country and its flag.

Meanwhile, Miss Ebert had related to a cousin, Mr. Ramsburg, of Georgetown, D. C., the story as told her by Mrs. Fritchie. Mr. Ramsburg told it to his neighbor, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the authoress, who sent it to Mr. Whittier.

Mr. Whittier's nephew and biographer, Mr. S. T. Pickard, gives the following information in his *Life and Letters of John G. Whittier*, Volume II: "The story which suggested to Mr. Whittier his ballad of 'Barbara Fritchie' came to him from Mrs. Emma D. E. N.



ORIGINAL FRITCHIE MARKERS IN REFORMED CHURCH GRAVEYARD



Southworth, of Georgetown, D. C., the well-known novelist, who wrote him the following note, dated July 21, 1863. 'I send this little note out merely in quest of you. If it should find you please let me know your exact address, as I have a message to deliver you.' As soon as she obtained the address she sent the following narrative, and the ballad founded upon it was written within a fortnight after its receipt in Amesbury: 'When Lee's army occupied Frederick, the only Union flag displayed in the city was held from an attic window by Mrs. Barbara Fritchie, an aged widow lady, aged ninety-six years.' Such was the paragraph that went the round of the Washington papers last September. Sometime afterward, from friends who were in Frederick at the time, I heard the whole story. It was the story of a woman's heroism, which, when heard, seemed as much to belong to you as a book picked up with your autograph on the fly-leaf. So here it is: When on the morning of September 6th the advance guard of Lee's army, led by the formidable rebel General 'Stonewall' Jackson, entered Frederick, every Union flag was lowered; every store and every dwelling house was closed; the inhabitants had retreated indoors; the streets were deserted: and, to quote the official report, 'the town wore a church-yard aspect.' But Mrs. Barbara Fritchie, taking one of the Union flags, went up to the top of her house, opened a garret window, and held it forth. The rebel army marched up the street, saw the flag; the order was given 'Halt! Fire!' and a volley was discharged at the window from which it was displayed. The flagstaff was partly broken, so that the flag drooped. The old lady drew it in, broke off the fragment, and taking the stump with the flag still attached to it in her hand, she stretched herself as far out of the window as she could, held the Stars and Stripes at arm's length, waving over the rebels, and cried out in a voice of indignation and sorrow, 'Fire at this old head, then, boys; it is not more venerable than your flag.' They fired no more; they passed in silence with downcast looks; and she secured the flag in its place, where it waved unmolested during the whole of the rebel occupation of the city. 'Stonewall' would not permit her to be troubled'."

Mr. Pickard, continuing his narrative, says: "This is the story as Mr. Whittier had it when he wrote the ballad. Of the substantial accuracy of the narrative many convincing proofs came to him from

time to time in the midst of the animated and prolonged controversy the ballad elicited. The poem was sent to Mr. Fields for the Atlantic in August, and the following letter indicates the heartiness of the welcome it received. Mr. Fields' letter is dated August 24, 1863: 'Barbara' is most welcome, and I will find room for it in the October number, most certainly. A proof will be sent to you in a few days. You were right in thinking I should like it, for so I do, as I like few things in this world. Inclosed is a check for fifty dollars, but Barbara's weight should be in gold'."

Still quoting Mr. Pickard: "On September 8, 1863, Mr. Whittier wrote to Mrs. Southworth, 'I heartily thank thee for thy kind letter and its inclosed message. It ought to have fallen into better hands, but I have just written out a little ballad of 'Barbara Fritchie,' which will appear in the next Atlantic.' The poem was published in the October number of the Atlantic, and was immediately copied in most Northern papers."

"To one of many friends who asked him if 'Barbara' was a myth, he answered in a letter dated October 19, 1890, 'I had a portrait of the good lady Barbara from the saintly hand of Dorothea Dix, and a cane from Barbara's cottage, sent me by Dr. Steiner of the Maryland Senate. Whether she did all that my poem ascribed to her, or not, she was a brave and true woman. I followed the account given me in a private letter and in the papers of the time.'

"To an article published in the Century, denying that the poem had any foundation in fact, Mr. Whittier replied, 'The poem was written in good faith. The story was no invention of mine. It came to me from sources which I regarded as entirely reliable; it had been published in newspapers, and had gained public credence in Washington and Maryland before my poem was written. I had no reason to doubt its accuracy then, and I am still constrained to believe that it had foundation in fact. If I thought otherwise I should not hesitate to express it. I have no pride of authorship to interfere with my allegiance to truth'."

In a letter written to Mrs. J. H. Abbott, of Frederick, Maryland, a great-niece of Barbara Fritchie, dated March 10, 1888, Mr. Whittier said, "There has been a great deal of dispute about my little poem, but if there was any mistake in the details there was none in my estimate of her noble character and her loyalty and patriotism."

AFTER Mrs. Fritchie's death her niece, Mrs. Hanshew, inherited her property and personal effects. As Mrs. Hanshew owned her own home, she decided to sell the Fritchie home to Mr. George Eissler, who conducted a glove manufactory. On July 24, 1858, a disastrous flood caused considerable damage to property on West Patrick Street near Carroll Creek. The Corporation of Frederick, desiring to prevent a similar occurrence, purchased the Fritchie property from Mr. Eissler, and had the buildings entirely razed. The ground was removed for the widening of the creek.

Mrs. Hanshew not only inherited her aunt's property, but also her spirit of patriotism. The little silk flag she prized and cherished.

After the publication of the poem, many visitors came to Frederick in search of the flag, and usually found their way to Mrs. Hanshew's where they were permitted to see and touch it. Mrs. Hanshew lived to the ripe old age of ninety years. Several years before her death she discontinued housekeeping, dividing her property among her children. To her daughter Julia (Mrs. John H. Abbott), who had inherited the patriotic spirit, she gave the priceless flag. Also the Staffordshire coffee pot from which President Washington had been served; other pieces of Barbara Fritchie's chinaware; solid silver; homespun linen; several pieces of furniture; articles of wearing apparel; her mother-of-pearl butter taster; and the glass smelling salts bottle which Mrs. Fritchie had used in church when the long sermons caused drowsiness. The "tuck comb" worn by Mrs. Fritchie, and placed in her hair when her body was prepared for burial, was taken from the grave and sterilized when her body was reinterred from the church graveyard to Mount Olivet cemetery in 1913, and was added to the other relics in Mrs. Abbott's possession. Mrs. Abbott passed the relics on to her daughter, Eleanor D. Abbott, the author of this Sketch, at whose home (305 South Market Street) they are now on display, and are attracting thousands of visitors from all parts of the world.



So many tourists called at Mrs. Abbott's home, 413 South Market Street, to see the flag and relics, that she kept a Register. Thousands of visitors registered, among whom were persons of national and international prominence, who came from all parts of the United States and many foreign countries. An incident in this connection is especially interesting. One day a lady called and asked the privilege of seeing the flag and relics. She was Mrs. M. H. Howarth, of Washington, D. C. She told Mrs. Abbott that this was her first visit to Frederick, and while it afforded her pleasure, there were also sad memories, as her father had died in one of the Frederick hospitals during the Civil War. A while before his death he had received a message that "the stork" had brought a baby girl to his home in Philadelphia. He immediately sent a request to his wife, asking that the baby be given the name of the young nurse who had ministered



**FLAG AND RELICS OF BARBARA FRITCHIE**



so kindly to him. Mrs. Abbott eagerly inquired the name of the nurse, for she had been informed during the war that a soldier's little daughter had been given her name. She was delighted when Mrs. Howarth replied, "The name of the nurse was Julia Hanshew." When Mrs. Howarth was told she was in the presence of the nurse whose namesake she was, her surprise and joy were very great.

In 1912 the officials of Mount Olivet cemetery asked permission to remove the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Fritchie from the Reformed Church graveyard to Mount Olivet cemetery. The request was granted. When this became known, a movement was inaugurated to form an organization for the purpose of stimulating the interest of the people of Maryland and of the United States in patriotism and in the heroic valor of Barbara Fritchie, and to erect in her memory a suitable monument in Frederick City where she lived the greater part of her life. .

In September, 1912, the Barbara Fritchie Memorial Association was organized with one hundred and sixty-two charter members. The officers of the Association were: President, Miss Ella Eichelberger; Vice-Presidents, Misses Eleanor D. Abbott and Janie Quynn; Corresponding Secretary, Miss May Hagen; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Clara V. Mott; Treasurer, Mrs. W. O. Glaze. The incorporators were John H. Abbott, Hon. E. S. Eichelberger, Miss May Hagan, Mrs. Clara V. Mott and Leo Wineberg.

There were no membership dues, the contributions being entirely voluntary. All contributors were entitled to membership and received a Barbara Fritchie button. Some of the most prominent people in the United States sent contributions unsolicited. Among them were Mrs. William Howard Taft, Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall, Governor Phillips Lee Goldsborough, Mrs. Donald McLean, William Randolph Hearst, Dr. S. Parks Cadman, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Colonel Alfred S. Roe, Dr. Bernard C. Steiner and others. The fund increased so rapidly that when the monument was unveiled on September 9, 1914, more than the desired amount was in the treasury.

The reinterment of the remains of Barbara Fritchie and her husband, John C. Fritchie, took place on May 30, 1913, in the lot given by Mount Olivet Cemetery Company, which was to be known as



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MONUMENT IN MT. OLIVET CEMETERY

the Fritchie Triangle. The ceremonies were conducted by Rev. H. L. G. Kieffer, pastor of the Evangelical Reformed Church, of which Mrs. Fritchie had been a member. The officers of the church consistory acted as pallbearers. Patriotic organizations, High School cadets, members of the Barbara Fritchie Memorial Association, and relatives of Mrs. Fritchie formed the procession. Dr. Bernard C. Steiner, Librarian of the Pratt Library, Baltimore, delivered the memorial address. Miss Medora Mantz, of York, Pennsylvania, a descendant of Barbara Fritchie, recited the poem, after which flowers and a large American flag were placed on the graves by Julia Abbott, Virginia Frazier, Margaret and Grayson Hoffman, Claire and Virginia Mott, junior members of the Memorial Association.

The contract for the monument was awarded to U. A. Lough and Son, Frederick. It is of Guilford granite, massive but simple and graceful. The base is 6 feet 6 inches square and 1 foot 6 inches high. The sub-base is 4 feet 6 inches square and 1 foot 4 inches high. The shaft is 10 feet 2 inches high, its base 3 feet 4 inches square, tapering to about 3 feet square at the top. On the face of the sub-base the name "Barbara Fritchie" is cut in raised, rounded letters 5 inches high. On the back of the sub-base is a bronze tablet containing the inscription, "Erected by the Barbara Fritchie Memorial Association of Frederick, Maryland, 1914." Upon the face of the shaft a bronze tablet containing the entire poem, "Barbara Fritchie," is surmounted by a bronze medallion of striking design, portraying the face of Barbara Fritchie. This medallion was designed by Mr. James Kelley, a prominent sculptor of New York City, and cast by the Gorham Company, New York. The original stones which marked the graves in the church cemetery are used as foot-stones.

The unveiling of the monument took place on September 9, 1914, in connection with the Star-Spangled Banner Centennial and Home-Coming Celebration, observed in Frederick September 9-14. Preceding the exercises a procession formed and marched to the Fritchie Triangle in Mount Olivet cemetery. A very large crowd witnessed the ceremonies, many coming from a distance for the occasion. The address was delivered by the Hon. Alfred S. Roe, of Massachusetts. The Hon. M. G. Urner, of Frederick, was master of ceremonies, and Miss Mary Eleanor Shafer, A. M., of Middletown, Maryland, recited the poem, "Barbara Fritchie." Mrs. John H. Abbott (nee Julia



Hanshew), great-niece of Barbara Fritchie, assisted by her young grand-daughter, Julia E. Abbott, unveiled the monument as the flag was unfurled, and the large assemblage sang the National Anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," accompanied by the Braddock Heights band under the direction of Professor Irving S. Biser. Following the exercises, an informal reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Abbott. Refreshments were served, the Staffordshire coffee pot and other china formerly owned by Barbara Fritchie being used in honor of the occasion.

The Whittier Club, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, through its President, Judge Ira A. Abbott, sent a beautiful wool bunting flag to be placed at Barbara Fritchie's grave. Similar flags were also donated by Major Howe Post, G. A. R., and Colonel A. L. Tappan, of Haverhill.

The Barbara Fritchie Chapter Junior Daughters of the Union, New York City, a group of girls of fine character and high ideals, contribute annually on December 3rd (the anniversary of the birthday of Barbara Fritchie) a flag to be placed at her grave. These girls truly appreciate the real character of Barbara Fritchie, and are to be highly commended for their efforts to perpetuate the principles for which their ancestors fought, and which inspired their heroine, Barbara Fritchie, to give emphatic expression of her loyalty to the Union and its flag.



VIEW OF FREDERICK, MD. IN 1862



Visitors to the Fritchie Triangle in Mount Olivet cemetery are impressed with the beautiful location. Standing at the spot where the remains of Barbara Fritchie are interred, beneath "Old Glory" as its folds rise and fall "on the loyal winds that love it well," your gaze rests upon "meadows rich with corn," orchards of "apple and peach trees fruited deep," and "greenwalled by the hills of Maryland, the clustered spires of Frederick stand"—presenting a scene as "fair as the garden of the Lord."

"Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er!" but her loyalty and patriotism will ever be an inspiration and a challenge. "Honor to her!" and to the flag and country she loved; to the Quaker poet who has immortalized her; and to the gallant "Stonewall" Jackson who protected her from harm.

In size, Barbara Fritchie's historic flag is small (22½ inches by 13½ inches), but it challenges us to "consecrate anew in *o'erflowing measure* our hearts, our eager, willing service of hand and brain to its defense and greater glory"; for it is the "purest, most potent emblem of law, order, and Christian civilization that ever greeted the dawn."

*"Then bring our country's starry banner,  
And drape it o'er the Saviour's cross;  
For with these emblems close united  
We fear no danger, harm or loss.  
Beneath this glorious flag, whose beauty  
Thrills all our hearts with fervent love,  
With gratitude and true devotion  
We praise our King who reigns above.  
Then bring our country's starry banner,  
And loyal till your latest breath,  
Unite unto the loving emblem  
The symbol of the Saviour's death.  
Till in the freedom He has given  
Beneath the flag that waves so free,  
A Christian nation stands proclaiming  
The highest type of liberty."*



















